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The image shows the front cover of an old book. The main part of the cover is decorated with a marbled paper pattern, featuring a dark, swirling background with irregular, light-colored (tan or cream) spots and veins. A vertical strip of dark brown, textured material, likely leather or cloth, runs along the left edge, forming the spine. In the bottom-left corner of this spine strip, there is a small, rectangular, off-white paper label with handwritten text.

C
Walker

Bd. Oct. 1904



LIBRARY
OF THE
DIVINITY SCHOOL.

FROM THE LIBRARY OF
REV. HENRY WILDER FOOTE
OF BOSTON.

Received 26 March, 1891.

Biog

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THE REVEREND

DR. JAMES WALKER

AND HIS FRIENDS

ON THE EIGHTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS BIRTHDAY

AUGUST 16, 1854

CAMBRIDGE

Printed at the Alden Press

1854

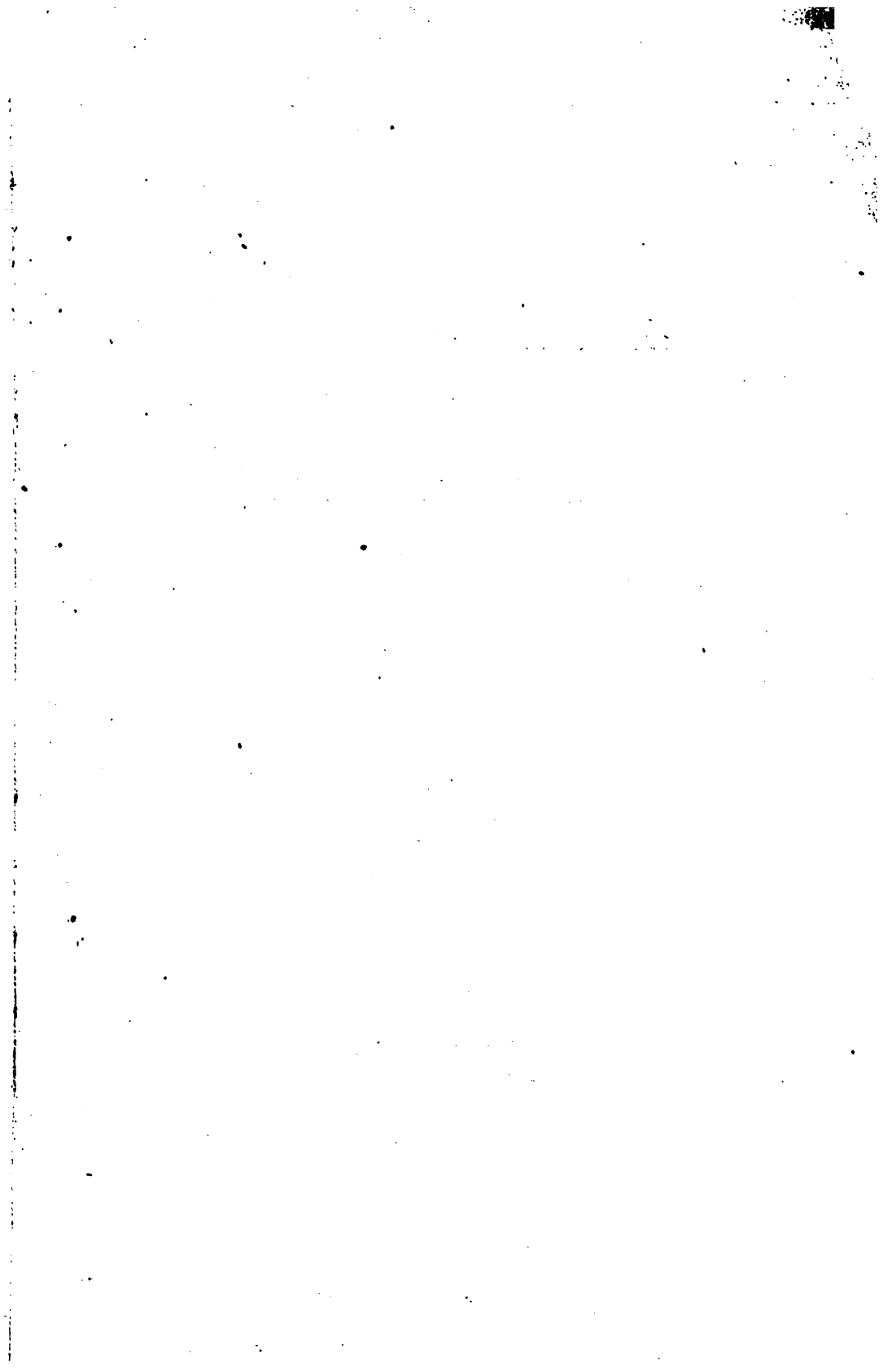
THE
OFFICE OF THE
ATTORNEY GENERAL
STATE OF NEW YORK

IN SENATE,
JANUARY 10, 1911.

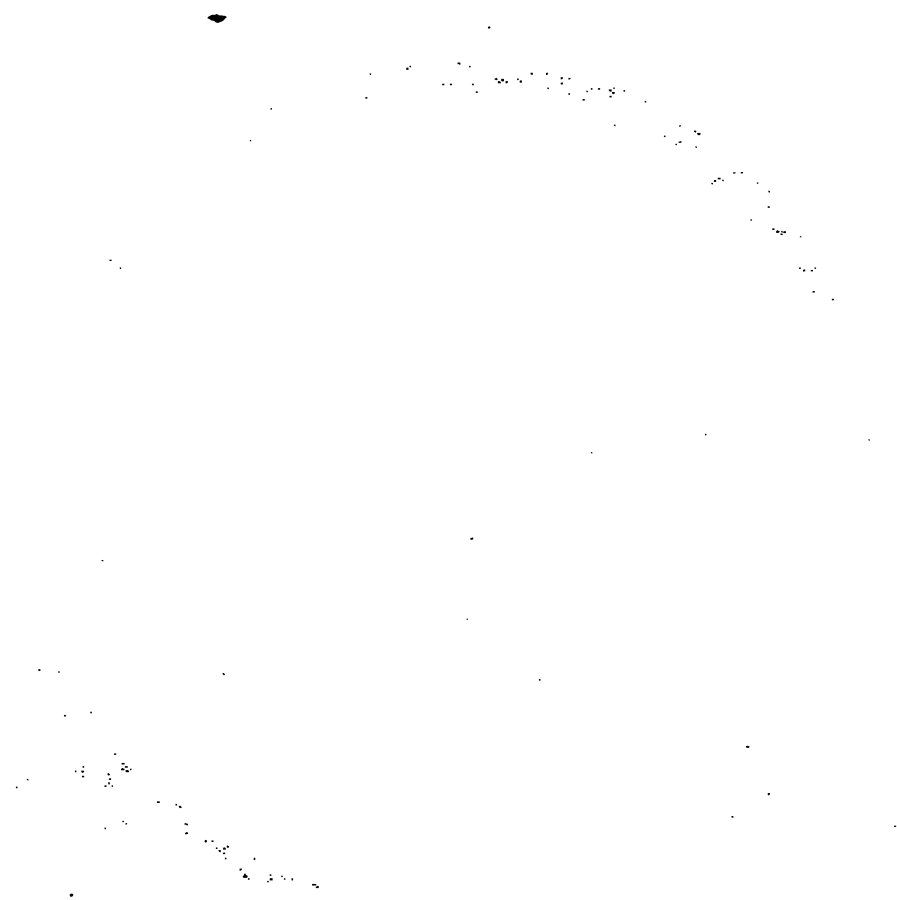
REPORT
OF THE
ATTORNEY GENERAL

FOR THE YEAR
1910.

ALBANY:
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.,
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1911.









8 *Letter from Rev. Dr. Osgood.*

Most happy, dear Doctor Walker, to have the privilege of bearing these congratulations, I ask your blessing upon us your old parishioners and friends, and remain

Yours gratefully and affectionately,

SAMUEL OSGOOD.

TO JAMES WALKER, D. D.,
ON HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.

O FULL of years and of the stores
Of tranquil wisdom years impart
To him who, in their flight, adores
The Eternal One with grateful heart!

O full of years, yet fuller still
Of what no earthly years can give
But He alone, whose mercies fill
Pure hearts with love to all that live!

O full of years, with memories blest
Of toil for God, and man, and truth,
With hopes that calm and cheer the breast,
And breathe a new, transfigured youth!

O full of years! thy "fourscore years"
Not "labor" bring, "and sorrow" — nay!
Thy peaceful sun, as evening nears,
Points onward to still brighter day.

Grateful we hail the blessed sight
Of this thy tranquil eventide;

To James Walker, D. D.

And would with thee, in its pure light,
Thy guests and guests of Heaven abide.

This day — to us a festal day —
Loved friend and father, we would bring
Our debt of gratitude to pay
The heart's memorial offering.

Its sculpture-language well may speak
What tongue and pen in vain would say;
What the warm heart might vainly seek
To breathe out in the tender lay.

"THE CUP OF BLESSING WHICH WE BLESS"
Kindly accept; and may it be
An emblem of the happiness
Life's brimming cup shall keep for thee!

To us thy heart's full, golden bowl
Rich draughts of heaven's pure wine hath brought,
Nerving anew the jaded soul
With quickenings of electric thought.

We speak not for ourselves alone,
But for a manly race, whose youth,
Enkindled by thy thrilling tone,
Woke to the majesty of truth!

Who, in that fresh and tender hour
When luring passions dance their round,

To James Walker, D. D.

I I

Thus felt Religion's gracious power,
And saw her brow with beauty crowned !

And thousands, too, who never heard
Thy voice, have kindled o'er the page
On which thy brave and lucid word
Went forth to move and mould the age.

The pulpit was thy "joy and throne ;"
No less in Harvard's august chair,
Thy manly, genial wisdom shone
And breathed its blessed influence there.

To-day, O loved and honored one!
What throngs rise up to call thee blest,
And pray thy slowly sinking sun
Long linger in the glowing West !

C. T. B.

TO JAMES WALKER, S. T. D., LL. D.,

ON HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.

To thee, great Preacher of our youthful days,
The Sage Instructor of our sons and sires —
Whose holy life transcends all vulgar praise,
We send our offering grateful love inspires.

Not often does it fall to lot of man
To live the term of threescore years and ten ;
But fourscore years is now thy lengthened span,
While FAITH'S bright visions glow within thy ken.

WISDOM has ever crowned thine upward path ;
Kind Providence has richly blessed thy store,
And much of GRACE and TRUTH thy life's work hath,
Whose finest fruits shall still abound the more.

When our bless'd Lord shall in his glory come,
The world's great Harvest will be garnered up,
And thou revered wilt reach thy Heavenly home
Bearing thy sheaves and drinking of His cup.

G. W. W.

August 16, 1874.

DR. WALKER'S LETTER.

GENTLEMEN : I hardly need say how much I am affected by the gifts and communications you have laid before me in the name of some of my old parishioners and other friends. The silver Cup and Plate are not only rich and beautiful works of art, but highly expressive of that Christian sympathy which gives to this transaction its whole significance. The letter of my life-long friend, Dr. Osgood, and the Poem by my gifted brother Charles T. Brooks, are, I am aware, the language of affection, and must be read and interpreted with this understanding ; but the affection at least is true, and very grateful to my heart. Both will help to save one who has done his best, and can do no more, from sinking into the painful consciousness that he has lived to no purpose. I also remember, gentlemen, your own kind words as spoken by your Chairman, and thank you for them.

Let me add that these unexpected attentions are doubly welcome, because I am permitted to regard them as evidence that I am not forgotten in my old age by the church which was the scene of my first public labors, and with which I was so happily connected for many years. Allusions have also been made to my wife, by which I am deeply moved. How it would have added to my happiness, if she had been spared to join with me in accepting your congratulations.

JAMES WALKER.

DR. WALKER'S NOTE TO MR. WARREN.

CAMBRIDGE, *August 20, 1874.*

MY DEAR FRIEND, — I beg you to accept my acknowledgments for the lines in which you have commemorated my eightieth birthday. Though I have arrived at that period in human life of which the Bible speaks so discouragingly, I can say without reserve that, except for the loss of very near and dear friends, my last decade has been as free from suffering and disquietude as any which preceded it. And now, as the end must be near, it is a great satisfaction to find that I am not forgotten by those who knew me, and acted with me, in other days. Hoping that you also will live to keep your eightieth birthday, after a life as happy as mine and more useful, I remain, as ever,

Very sincerely yours,

JAMES WALKER.

HON. G. W. WARREN.

REMARKS.

THEY who made the arrangements for this occasion have good reason to be very happy at the result. The response to the appeal for a friendly and expressive greeting to our venerable father and friend upon this eightieth anniversary of his birthday was most hearty and general ; and many persons who did not belong to his old parish claimed to be counted in as virtually parishioners, because they had so long enjoyed

the instruction and comfort of his preaching and his friendship.

In choosing the memorial gift the aim was not so much to measure its value by its cost or its magnificence as by its intrinsic beauty and significance, and also to allow as much heart as possible to go with the act. The decision appears to have been judicious, and this modest, yet exquisite work of Christian art in silver and gold from an original design, sets before the eye, as well as we knew how to do it, the thoughts and affections that belong to the occasion. We have cause for thanking Messrs. Tiffany and Company, of New York, for the skill of their designers and workmen and for their own personal interest in the work.

The idea of this Cup and Plate is very simple yet very impressive. They present this long favored life in its whole range of privilege, and lift the homely fact of food and drink, by which we live, up to the highest plane of blessing in communion with God by his truth and grace. These photographs show the whole design, except the reverse side of the Cup, which incloses Dr. Walker's name and the dates of his life and service between branches of olive and of oak, in token of the mildness and the strength of his character and method. The Cup is nearly a foot high, the Plate a foot broad.

Four gentlemen from his old parish, Messrs. Frothingham, Bradford, Dana, and Bemis presented the gift in person on Sunday morning, the day specified, and they were cheered in their visit not only by their friendly reception but by as lovely a sky and an atmosphere as ever gave a Christian Sabbath the outward beauty that is in keeping with its inward peace and light.

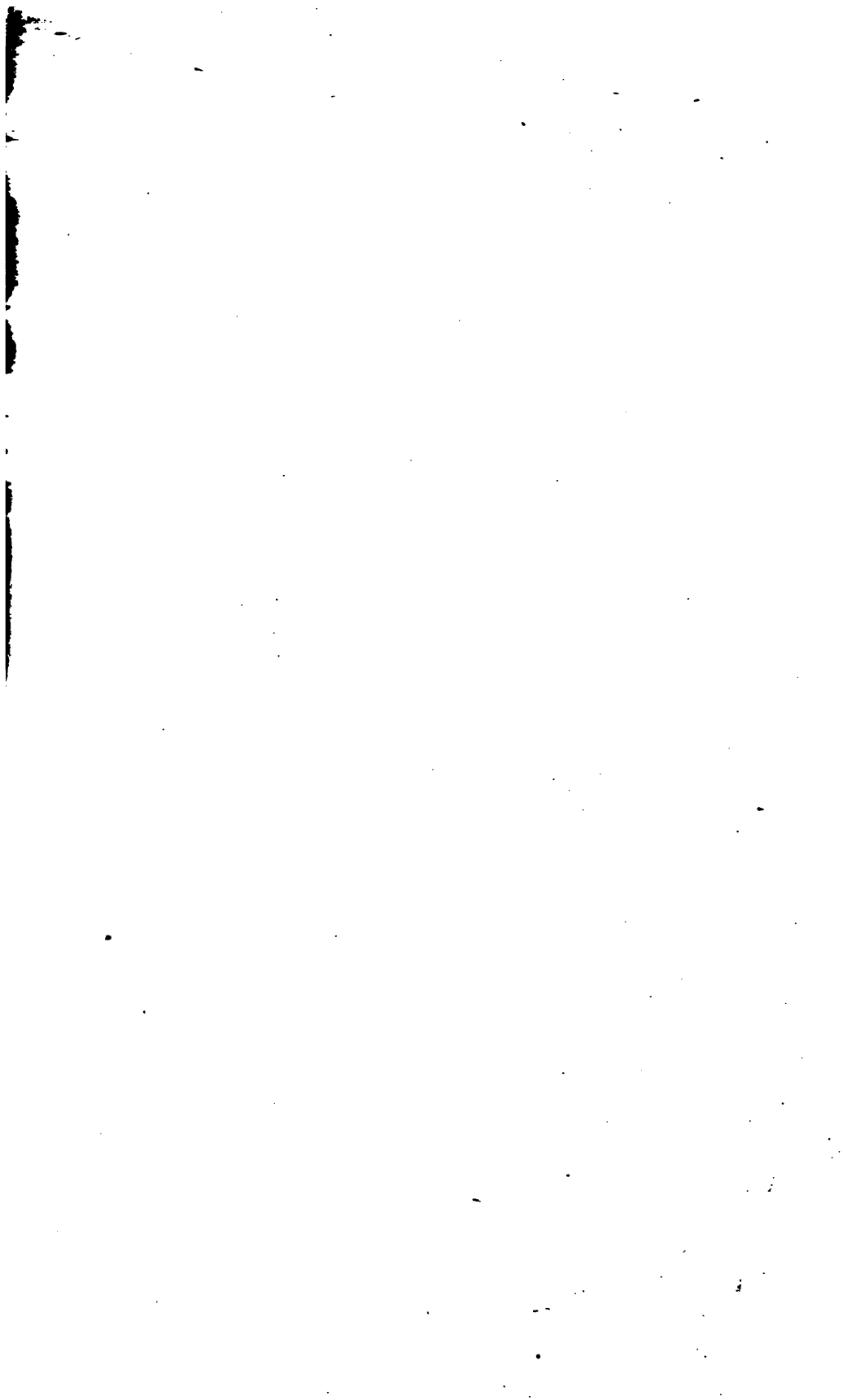
GOLDEN SENTENCES.

WE add a word of reference to another gift which was sent after the above tribute had been received — a bronze statuette of Pythagoras upon a base of yellow antique marble, for Dr. Walker's study. These fine passages from the Golden Verses of Pythagoras indicate the affinity between the teachings of that ancient sage and our philosophical moralist, who is now within nineteen years of the age which that father of Greek wisdom reached : —

“ In deed and word keep justice still in view ;
Nor without Reason any end pursue.
Think before action lest it come to nought :
Fools only act and speak without a thought.
Do nothing which may leave a grief behind ;
Know what thou doest, and if ignorant, find
Instruction ; so thy life shall please thy soul.

“ Nor of thy body's health neglect control,
Keep to the mean, in food, drink, exercise, —
That mean from which no after-pains arise :
Let not thy food be delicate, but plain,
Avoid what may to envy cause a pain.
Thrift marks a weak, expense a vulgar mind ;
In all things, it is best the mean to find.

“ In every action first ask aid of Heaven,
Then do thy work. Thus to the soul is given
To know of gods and men the eternal laws,
The course they hold and the restraining cause.”





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